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balls between wind and water, and was filling, and her ten twelve-pounders were completely silenced; only three nine-pounders kept up a cannonade, but the marines in the round-tops sent volleys of bullets, with deadly aim, down upon the struggling Englishmen. Ignited combustibles were scattered over the *Serapis*, and at one time she was on fire in a dozen places. At half-past nine * * some cartridges were ignited, and all the officers and men of the *Serapis*, abaft the main-mast, were blown up. Three times both ships were on fire, and their destruction appeared inevitable. * * While the conflict was at its height the *Alliance* approached, and sailing around the struggling combatants, delivered several broadsides so as to damage both vessels equally. By one of them the *Richard* had eleven men killed and an officer mortally wounded.

"At length Captain Pearson, who had nailed his flag to the mast, perceiving his inability longer to endure the fight, struck his colors with his own hand and gave up the *Serapis* to Lieut. Dale, who was the first to board her. Ten minutes afterward, the *Countess of Scarborough*, which had been fighting with the *Pallas*, Captain Cottineau, surrendered. The *Richard* was a perfect wreck and fast sinking. Her sick and wounded were conveyed to the *Serapis*, and sixteen hours afterward she went down in the deep waters of Bridlington Bay. Jones, with the remains of his squadron and prizes, sailed for Holland, and anchored off the Texel on the 3d of October."

It is only proper to say that the French government disapproved of the action of Captain Landais, on that and other occasions, and that he was suspended and finally dismissed from the service. At the same time, the conflict with the *Serapis* made Paul Jones entirely what he had before been only in a degree — a naval hero. He went at once to sea again, in command of the *Alliance*, and did not reach America until 1781, more than three years after his departure. Congress gave him its special thanks, and, some years later, a gold medal. France created him a Knight of the Order of Merit, and gave him a splendid sword; and he received from both Russia and Denmark favors showing the distinction to which he had risen as a naval commander, very largely through that one terrible conflict. After the close of the war he was for a little time employed by the government as overseer of some ships in building, then sent to Paris to look after deferred prize-money. Afterward, for a brief period each, he was in both the Danish and Russian services, enjoying the rank of rear-admiral in the latter and serving in the Black Sea. The same fierce temper, however, which had made him a terror to his enemies at sea, was easily aroused against his friends at any real or fancied neglect; and his resignations from both the Danish and Russian services were accompanied by dissatisfactions of the most pronounced and loudly expressed order. He retired to Paris, with a pension, in 1789, and died there in 1792, a few days in precedence of the arrival of an American commission to Algiers, for the settlement of disputes with that government, in which there is reason to believe that neither his high temper nor his somewhat terrible reputation would have been at all a disadvantage. Oddly enough, and perhaps disgracefully enough for all the countries he had served, and especially for the one which he had served longest and most signally, the place of burial of John Paul Jones, "Paul Jones of the *Bon Homme Richard*," really the first American conqueror on the sea, has passed away from human recollection, so that not even the hand of a wanderer can hang a chaplet on his tomb during the patriotic revival of the Centennial. Oddly enough, also, it happens that during this same Centennial year, the British war-vessel employed to carry the Prince of Wales to India and back to England, is of the same name as the one captured in the terrible fight already noticed — the *Serapis*.

In that continuation and conclusion of Byron's "Don Juan," published some thirty or forty years ago, there occurs a meeting, on board a vessel in the Baltic, between the hero of the story, Don Juan, and Paul Jones, in which both the physical and mental characteristics of the naval hero would seem to have been sketched by one who knew both him and his history equally well. The time is evidently that not long preceding his death. We quote, in this connection, a few of the stanzas of this now rare volume, exhibiting both the characteristics already named:

"Tall, thin, and iron-faced, with every line
Of his hard countenance begrimed and stained,
As if the smoke and dust, red battle's sign,
Beyond the washing had itself remained;

With here and there a small infernal mine,
Where the fierce passions of the man were chained,
That might be ruin if they once were loosed,
And looked as if they had, some time, been used.

* * * * *

"We all like less to hear a deed than do one,
And Fortune's corks would sometimes like to sink.
No matter! Our good deeds sink soon enough,
And the world's waves, with me, are rather rough.

"I wish to tell you one unhappy truth —
That Russia, just now, is no place for us!
Catharine of Russia — do not start — likes youth
In the first flush, but brooks no overplus.
I've learned the lesson bitterly, in truth,
But learned to take it with no general fuss,
That all things cloy her royal appetite:
She can not even savor *too much fight!*

"The smoke has scarcely yet worn off my face
That grimed it in that old she-tiger's service:
No man shall say that I am in disgrace,
But we are dead, with no employ to nerve us.
Potemkin rules it, in his pride of place,
And gives out work to madden Hood or Jervis!
My admiral's flag is scarcely one whole shirt,
But will be dish-cloths when I eat such dirt!

"Well, let it pass! We all must have our time
For good or evil fortune — good or evil,
My reputation has been one-half crime,
If crime is bringing pride to lower level!
It makes a pretty jingle in a rhyme —
The Scottish blackguard, Paul Jones, and the Devil!
I'm called all three at various eves and morns,
And may be devil, all except the horns!

* * * * *

"Let me tell you, in a word,
The treatment I have shared from Europe's thrones —
Denmark and France, the Russian being the third —
Treatment that no unspotted nation owns,
Though it has soiled America's young bird!
They all have pampered me till pay-day came,
And, truly, then they quite forgot my name!

"The Danish coast — I leave you." "For the court?"
"Ay, Christiern's throne is mortgaged for a sum
That they will pay me when they're short of sport
At other things; and when will that time come?
Why, quite as soon as I fight ship or fort
At any Christian ruler's trump or drum!
And if, for want of change, my spirits lag,
I'll fight, as I have fought, *Paul Jones' flag!*"

AN ADVENTURE OF RUBENS.

From the Italian of Giovanni Guerini.

RUBENS was thirty-five years old when he returned to Antwerp, his own city, there to build for himself a beautiful house, in which he lived until his death, which took place in 1640. One of the rooms on the first floor was assigned to his pupils, and a smaller one served him for his own private studio, where he painted many fine pictures. It was absolutely forbidden to his scholars to enter this room. When he went out he took the key with him, and his old servant, Francesco, who sometimes had the care of it, was the only person permitted to enter.

One day Rubens received a letter from a prince, who begged him to visit him at his castle, twenty miles from the city, for the purpose of painting his portrait. At the moment of his departure, consigning the key to Francesco, he charged him on no account to allow any one to enter the room, on pain of instant dismissal from his service. The next morning the pupils came, according to custom, to Rubens' house, to copy some pictures the master had given them; and learning of his departure for the castle of Prince de P——, the boldest among them gathered around Francesco, begging him to allow them to enter, if only for five minutes, into the studio of the master. But he replied at once that it was quite impossible and that he should never think of disobeying the express commands of his employer. One of the scholars, the richest among them, drew from his purse a gold piece, and said to him:

"This is for you if you will consent to our petition, and we will promise never to speak of it to any one."
"It is impossible, quite impossible," answered Francesco; but unable to resist the temptation of becoming the owner of this beautiful gold piece,

he yielded, little by little, to their prayers, and at length took the key and opened the door.

The students, impatient to enter, each one pushing and thrusting away the other, — one of them, wishing to be the first, and being strongly impelled by his companions behind him, fell, as ill-luck would have it, directly upon the last picture of Rubens, the "Deposition from the Cross," of which the colors were still fresh. The face of the Virgin and the arm of Mary Magdalen were effaced by this accident.

No words can express the absolute terror that fell upon the group of students, who, pale and motionless, stood like so many statues. After a short silence Francesco exclaimed:

"An evil genius tempted me, and I am punished indeed; but not one of you young gentlemen shall go out from this room without having repaired the harm you have done."

"Impossible!" cried the pupils with one voice; "we are not skillful enough even to touch the grandest works of our great master; we are not capable of it; we can not do it."

Then Francesco, placing himself before the door, said in a solemn voice: "No one shall go out of this room except over my dead body."

Seeing the inflexible determination of the servant, the oldest student, the same who had offered the gold piece, said: "Francesco is right in what he says: we have done the harm, we ought to repair it to the best of our ability; so let us draw lots to decide who shall do it."

Having said these words, he took a leaf from his pocket-book, tore it into strips, wrote on them his own name and those of his companions, and putting them together in a hat, told Francesco to draw out one. He at once obeyed, and drew out a strip on which was written the name of the youngest of all, who at once declared with great emphasis that it was very unjust that he should be made to repair the damage caused by the others, for he had entered the studio the last of all and consequently had pushed no one. But his companions, without heeding him for a moment, rushed headlong from the studio; and Francesco made haste to shut the door and put the key in his pocket, leaving behind him the youth whom fate had destined for the accomplishment of so difficult a task. After some time he rang the bell. Francesco came, and seeing that he had painted the face of the Virgin and the left arm of the Magdalen, gave the prisoner his liberty.

We may imagine, however, poor Francesco's state of mind. He desired the return of his master because the moments of expectation were terrible to him, and he dreaded it because he expected to be instantly dismissed for his disobedience.

At length Rubens returned. He would not go up-stairs to change his travel-stained garments, but said to Francesco, who stood behind him, not daring to look him in the face: "Give me the key of my studio; I want to see again that last picture that I painted: it will make me famous and will make the envious tremble. Quick, quick, the key!"

Francesco gave it up quickly and followed his master, trembling from head to foot. Rubens entered his studio, and surveying his masterpiece with loving eyes, he could not refrain from exclaiming: "Look, Francesco, look! See how beautiful the face of the Virgin is! Look at the left arm of the Magdalen: it seems to me even finer than the other."

Francesco at these words felt a new life within him, and, unable to contain his joy, threw himself at the feet of his master and told all that had taken place in his absence. When he reached the part of his story relating that the names of all were written on strips of paper, from which the name of the one who was to paint the picture was drawn by lot, Rubens did not allow him to finish, but exclaimed impatiently and anxiously: "Which one was it who repaired the injury? Quick, quick, Francesco, give me his name!"

Francesco replied, "The young Vandyck." *
— Alice D. Wilde.

* Vandyck was born in Antwerp in 1599; consequently, at this time, 1612, he could have been scarcely thirteen years old.